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We have on hand 20 dozen No. 1 cans of PEAS at
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These are suitable for small families.

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F. F. O. G. BRAND of PRODUCTS.

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**QUALITY COUNTS WITH US.
DOES IT COUNT WITH YOU?**

H. E. Kreek & Son

United States Food Administration License No. G86602-136714

Advisory Committee of the U. S. Food Administration. Wednesday night: John E. Ward and a distinguished speaker from the French High Commission. Thursday night: S. A. Baker, Charles J. Brand, and Dr. W. O. Thompson, Chairman of the European Agricultural Commission, lately back from France. Friday night a banquet for all visiting farmers will be given. Last year 500 farmers were seated at the banquet table at one time.

Anyone attending Farmers' Week will have a busy time as well as a good one. During the forenoon of each day lectures on various farm subjects will be given by members of the College of Agriculture faculty and practical farmers. In the afternoons practical demonstrations in feeding, vaccinating, and caring for all kinds of live stock and poultry will be held. Briefly, Farmers' Week is a short course in modern agriculture for the busy farmer who can not take time for the eight weeks' or four years' course in agriculture.

Another important feature of the week is the social feature. There you will meet the most progressive and leading farmers from all over the state and it will be an inspiration to meet and associate with these men. Remember the date, Jan. 20 to 24 inclusive. The only cost will be your transportation and your board while there.

For Sale at a Bargain

Residence Property and Store Building. A small stock of General Merchandise—Clean and Good.
J. P. RUHL,
NEW POINT, MO.

OBITUARY.

The Sentinel sympathizes with our old friend "Mike A. Stevenson," who was one of the pioneer settlers of Holt county, by reason of the death of his wife, which occurred at the family home in Thurman, Iowa, on Christmas Day, Dec. 25, 1918. Prior to her marriage she was Flora E. Mann, of Thurman, Iowa, and was left the widow of Jas. A. McElroy, in 1894, and became the wife of M. A. Stephenson in 1899. Besides her husband, she is survived by her four children, Mrs. W. E. Markt and daughter, Leon, and Mrs. Albert Markt, of this city, attended the funeral.

What It Cost.

The total casualty list as reported by the War Department, up to and including January 2, 1919:

Killed in action (including 396 at sea)	28,680
Died of wounds	11,473
Died of disease	16,948
Died of accident from other cause	2,251
Missing in action (including prisoners)	124,338
	202,845

A Good Record.

Dr. William Findley, of Graham, has arrived home from France, where he has been on duty at the British base hospital at Boulogne, France. Dr. Findley was a member of the first medical unit made up from Harvard University, who joined the British forces in April, 1917. They were sent at once to France and Dr. Findley has been in continuous service since. He is the son of Dr. J. W. Findley, of Graham. He graduated from the Missouri State University and was in his senior year's work in the medical department at Harvard when he enlisted.—Maitland Herald, Jan. 2, 1919.

Dr. W. J. Findley for a long time practiced his profession at New Point, and we are glad to see his boy following in his daddy's footsteps.

HEARING FROM THE BOYS.

Will J. Fields, of Forbes, who is now over in France, writes for the first time that he is well, and enjoying his soldier life; he had been in the great drives and they were now resting from these. "We have good quarters and plenty to eat, and a kindly, considerate set of officers. Our company commander gives us splendid talks about the country we are in, the people, customs, and much history that is highly interesting; military life, discipline, etc. You need not worry about me, for I am in fine health, and getting along fine."

Address me: WILL J. FIELDS, Company 208, P. M. E.; A. P. O. 701, American E. F., Camp 5, France.

—Miss Cora Jones is in Maitland, visiting friends for a few weeks.
—George W. Meyer, public administrator, has been appointed by Probate Judge Dungan, the guardian of the four Rupp children of Craig, all boys.

If you want Good Bread, Buy 'Red Top' Flour, \$3.00 per sack. You may use several bakings from the sack, and if not entirely satisfactory, return the balance and get your money back. Sold only by
C. W. KING.

—G. W. (Sandy) Kunkel of Kansas City, spent a day or two among his relatives and friends here this week.
—The death of Mrs. Jno. W. Lacey, which occurred at her home in Union district, on Monday, of this week, January 6, has brought keen sorrow to a large circle of relatives and friends. The funeral services were held Wednesday. We hope for an obituary for our next issue.

—Dr. B. T. Quigley and wife, of Mound City, have gone to New Orleans, where the Doctor will take a post graduate course in the graduate school of Tulane University. The Doctor only recently returned from Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., where he spent several weeks in the medical division of the army.

ONLY AMERICA CAN CLEANSE THE NEAR EAST

The Black Stain of Cruelty Still Mars the Shield of Asia—Armenia Calls Us.



TWO OF THE 4,000,000



THE LONG, LONG TRAIL HOME.

By Ellis Parker Butler.

I have known America and the Americans close to half a century now, and whatever else I may know about America, I know the nation has the big heart and the kind, far-seeing eye. If you stop to think of America and of all the great and glorious things America has done in peace and in war I dare say you will think of America as I do—as a gigantic, youthful knight, unafraid, clad in white armor, just and compassionate, and so vast of stature that the loftiest clouds scarce touch his knees, while his head is close to Heaven itself.

I know my neighbors on my block, and my neighbors in my town, and my neighbors from ocean to ocean, and they are all—when the test comes—of noble heart and liberal mind. They would rather do right than wrong and would rather right wrongs than avenge them. I know the Republic that was created for us, and the manner in which we have preserved the Republic.

It is hard for me and my neighbors to understand the Turk. Try as we may we cannot quite grasp his meaning, or why he does what he does. It was, in something of the same way, hard for us to understand the autocratic Imperial German. The main reason is probably because we are at heart an unselfish nation. We are sorry when other peoples are in trouble. We worry about it and want to get them out of trouble. We do all we can to get them out of trouble. It has become part of our nature and a great part of our national religion to do this.

World Conquest Abnormality of Heathen Days.

It was hard for us to understand why an Imperial Germany should think seriously of any such without thing as world conquest. Most of us, even up to the day when the war ceased, did not thoroughly understand that any people could actually mean to attempt to conquer the world. We had so long had an ideal of world prosperity and world friendliness that we could not think that any nation could seriously have as its ideal a world drowned in blood and chained to a conqueror's chariot wheels. We could not believe any modern nation could actually have faith in any such ancient, heathen days abnormality.

Still less possible is it for us to believe that any modern nation could intentionally and wilfully set about murdering and starving a vast portion of its own inhabitants. Even if we could understand why a Germany could murder and mistreat Belgians we could not understand why a Turkey should murder and mistreat hundreds of thousands of Armenians and Syrians who were the most prosperous and inoffensive of her citizens.

The truth is that it is always difficult for the kind hearted to understand the evil hearted. Far more difficult is it for the man who lives in a really modern civilized land to understand the man who lives in a land that is still ruled by the ancient ideas of lust, rapine and oppression. The American father of a family cannot understand the pasha and the lord of the harem who still thinks slaves a necessity and stolen wealth good wealth. We cannot believe such people exist today.

THE TURK AS AN IMITATOR

By Booth Tarkington.

When the Turks won at the Dardanelles they believed themselves safe to carry out the scheme of exterminating the non-Muslims in their dominions by the example of scientific Pan-German atrocities in Belgium; they determined upon a Pan-Turanian project with a similar system of planned frightfulness. The Germans not only approved but pointed the way. They instigated, first, the deporting of half a million



ARMENIANS DEPORTED TWO YEARS AGO WHO WALKED FROM 400 TO 700 MILES BACK HOME.

Flowers Do No Good After You Are Dead.

The further truth is that the world is not yet clean in all its parts. There are still portions of it that reek with the filth of ancient days. There are still lands that are ruled as Egypt was ruled when Pharaoh was king. The black stain of autocracy has been wiped off the European shield; the black stain of cruelty still mars the shield of Asia. There is still work for civilization to do.

Our first task is to see that death does not wipe out those who will lend us a hand in cleaning the foulness that remains. There was a work that America alone could do in Belgium, and there is a work that America alone can do in Turkey. There is no other land on the face of the globe today that can do this work. There is no time when a child is dying of hunger, to wait for indemnities and reparation. It is to be hoped that in the general righting of wrongs that is to come the Syrian Christian and the Armenian Christian will be returned to his home and repaid in part for the injuries he has suffered, but when he is naked and without food he cannot wait for indemnity—he must have garments and victuals or he dies.

Turks Used Rifle Butts to Save Cartridges.

When a man is dead indemnities and reparations do him no good. He is dead then. I am not, you see, speaking of a people, or of a village. I am speaking of a girl in rags with no food to put in her mouth today and no food in sight for tomorrow, or the next day, or the next, unless America sends food. It is not a question of making the Turks rebuild a church they have destroyed. It is a question of whether a boy is to die of plain starvation before food can reach him.

Day before yesterday I was so busy I was not able to go out for my midday lunch until 3 o'clock. I was ravenously hungry but it did not worry me much because I knew I would get something to eat sooner or later. If the very worst happened I would eat more at dinner and make up for the missed luncheon. These women and men and children of Syria and Armenia go without luncheon and have no dinners to look forward to. They go without dinner and have no breakfast to expect. They go without breakfast and do not know whether they will ever taste food again. To starve to death is the most miserable death. When an Armenian is starving to death she may be excused for wishing she was one of the old women

the Turks knocked on the head with a club. The Turks did that to save the expense of a cartridge.

Things, I am sure, are going to be all right in Turkey one of these days. The Armenians will come into their own and be given back what was stolen from them. The Turks will pay indemnities. Only, it will be necessary, first, to bring some sort of order out of the chaos that rules in Turkey. There will have to be a Turkey bolstered together to pay the indemnities. That may take a year or ten years. When you have had no food for a week and cannot expect any until it is paid, and the indemnity may not be paid for years, even a stout hearted baby may be excused for dying of starvation.

In the plainest words let me say, that unless America gives the hundreds of thousands of Syrian and Armenian Christians must die.

I could understand a Turkey that condemned thousands to death by starvation; I cannot even imagine an American condemning those thousands to that death. That, however, is what America will do if she does not hold out the open, giving hand to the Armenians and Syrians now.

America, the Christian knight, clad in glittering white armor, unspotted, victorious, blessed by prosperity beyond all imagination, has won a mighty war fought for the good of all mankind. The God of Battles has crowned us with victory. Tens of thousands of our sons who might have laid down their lives in battle are living today; our wealth, which might have been demanded until we were shrunken in bitter poverty, has been preserved to us; we are mightier than before—let us be worthy of our victory!

We Have Won a Glorious Victory.

I think a nation that is charitable and kind of heart is worthy of any victory, however great, and that we are a nation of that kind. We have fought a good fight, we have won a glorious victory, we are ready to go forward on our great career of peaceful prosperity, but how can we when a little child sits huddled in rags, the cheek bones protruding through the shrunken skin of her cheeks, her pleading eyes turned toward us and her hand open, begging for a scrap of food from our bountiful table?

O America, mighty and rich, before you go forward toward your greater future, turn and look at the Armenian child! Stretch forth your hand today. Tomorrow that child will be dead.

If they are not succored at once they will surely die. Then the Turks will have succeeded in the scheme they have pursued for years, beginning with the "Assassin" Abdul Hamid and ending with the super-assassin, Enver Pasha and Talaat Bey.

The Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief wants Thirty Million Dollars from America. Before 1917 America would not have known how to do that. But going to war has taught us several things, and, among them, How to Give. We must not forget—not while these stricken multitudes are dying.

W. F. M. S., Jan. 10, 1919.
Hostess, Mrs. Hulatt.
Leader, Mrs. Conrad.
Prayer, Rev. Hand.
Devotions, Mrs. Hunt.
Piano Solo, Mrs. B. G. Pierce.
In China, Mrs. Teare.
Vocal Solo, Mrs. J. Lukens.
In Japan, 1st half, Mrs. S. Ramsay.
Vocal Duet, Mr. and Mrs. Hand.
In Japan, Last half, Mrs. H. Cook.
SECRETARY.

Plenty of exercise, fresh air, regular hours—is all the prescription you need to avoid Influenza—unless through neglect or otherwise, a cold gets you. Then take—at once



Standard cold remedy for 25 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—brings up a cold in 24 hours—no drowsiness—no nausea—no backache—no headache. The genuine has Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

Coming Back Home

Our soldier boys are gradually coming back home, having been honorably discharged; during the past week the following have returned:
Jesse Anno, of the Burr Oak district, who was in the Spruce Division, at Vancouver, Wash.
Lieut. Jay Minton, of Fortescue, who has been an instructor in one of the training camps.
Albert Nute, of Maitland, who has been stationed at Fort Logan, Colo.
Arthur Rozelle, Maitland, Ft. Logan, Colo.
Jesse Stuart, Fortescue, auto training school at Kansas City, left here August 15.
Dale Marion, Maitland; navy; stationed at Seattle, Wash.
Dr. F. G. Baird, Maitland; Lieutenant in the medical corps, at Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, Texas.
Robert Guthrie, Mound City.

Daily Thought.

Fear not, lest existence closing your account and mine shall know the like no more. The eternal Saki from that bowl has poured a million bubbles and will pour.—Omar.

MEMORIAL TREES

To keep green the memory of our heroic dead, the boys who have died for the cause of freedom—are now being urged by various state and government officials and the American Forestry Association at Washington. Many churches have started the work in various sections of the country, and the state of Louisiana is planning to plant four hundred and forty miles of "Victory Oaks" and other suitable trees along the Jefferson Highway.

Joyce Kilmer, the American soldier poet who gave his life for liberty, in France—in his tribute to "The Tree," is thus quoted by The Literary Digest:

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

We owe an obligation to the living also. In planting trees and flowers we are helping the Creator to beautify and make the earth fruitful, and a better place for habitation. Why should we be any less considerate in providing the conditions and environments conducive to the health, happiness, and gratitude of our children and fellow travelers along life's highway?

**GEORGE R. MURRAY,
OREGON, MO.**